

# Free Lunch

• Number 1 • In the Year of our Free Lunch 1 •

To My People

Brothers! If a nation has no honor, should the brave young men be a part of it? If a nation has no honor, should the children be raised to be a part of it? If a nation has no honor, should not the women be ashamed to be a part of it? Is a nation that has no honor a nation to grow old in? No one should live in such a nation! Brothers, I speak the truth.

Brothers! If a nation makes treaties which it does not live by, can it be said to have honor? It is a dishonorable man who does not live by his word; so it is with nations. This America you speak of has made many, many treaties with the Indian. Many, many White Fathers in Washington have spoken kind words with love to the Indian. But they are not true. What happened to the Black Hills? What happened to those grand words promising the Indian "all the land west of the Mississippi River for as long as the grass shall grow and the rivers flow"? These promises are empty. Brothers, this America has no honor.

Brothers! When I was born, this America claimed me as her own. I was not asked if I wanted to be a part of this nation. Now I am a brave, strong young man, and I know this America you speak of has no honor. Brothers, I walk away.

--Luta Zit ka la

Again, What's Free Lunch?

We are an independent magazine, printing poems, prose, articles, and editorials by anyone. We accept unsigned works, except editorials. Names will be withheld on request, but we must have your name on the original, because we don't want to get our asses burned. Thank you.

--FREE LUNCH

Remember, Free Lunch needs your contributions to put out issues. If you have any works, contact: Rich Warms, Page 208, Box 761

Jack Barnett, Adams 317, Box 44

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## Raison d'Etre

The patchwork dolls ceaselessly passed round the flawless crystal globe.

Each bundle of cloth was careful not to drop it, and strived in it's own limited way to keep the rhythm steady. The sphere fascinated them though they scarcely knew why. As far back as they could remember they'd been at it, passing the smooth thing to their neighbor, delighting in its motion, if graceful, and shuddering with anxiety at the slightest imbalance.

Somewhere amongst them they knew the reason for their love of the ball. Unthinking, but instinctively they knew that if they were to stop the game and peruse the surface of the toy, they would find neither flaw. The sense of its perfection was undeniable but to stop the game was inconceivable.

The round thing especially fascinated Sa. It's beckoning depth and intangible seductive promise-of-something, had always kept his being focused on itself. But Sa wondered why he did this, why he was there passing the smooth thing round? This uncomfortable half-thought pestered Sa regularly though it could never dominate the joy he felt when he passed it well, nor the sudden, peircing dread that followed an imbalance, a close call.

For the first time of his existance as the toy approached his turn, Sa's being was not wholly on his duty. It had just occurred to him that this could all be a game and that there really was no reason for him to risk shredding his main stitch on behalf of something apart from himself. Most of Sa's being lingered (for the eternal expanse of a moment) (on this thought) while the remaining faction was instinctively alert his duties. The ball approached smoothly. Time was disembodied as Sa's left-side neighbor flanced the ball sending it toward the ground. Sa's being ripped itself from the thought, and his existence drew him at the sphere as light is drawn to its end. Sa was encompassed by purpose of duty, and he knew he was able. The GOAL could only continue smoothly round to taunt the wide eyed baby dolls that were Sa's kin. Sa was drawn into peace. But he had never existed to the knowledge of the dolls.

It was not the steady motion but the toy itself which fascinated Vow as it glided toward him.

by Christopher Tovar

## REFLECTIONS FROM ADAMS 222

Times Like These

No. 2

When homework's backed up  
quite a bit  
And "roomie" gives another  
fit  
And social life is "Miss  
or hit"  
At times like these  
well basically  
shit

When finals come  
and things get rough  
and Calc ain't easy  
and Physics is tough  
and I decide I've had enough  
I'll open a box  
and snort some stuff.

and so he took his gauntlet  
took his spear and horse  
and rode out.

The iodine streetlamps  
shone bright over the city  
The clatter of hooves  
echoes off steel and concrete

Shouting whiter than white  
one if by land  
rise to support the cause  
fear not sweet damsel

People open their  
windows, look out  
on the street, what is this  
some drunk, howling.

call the police  
but the phone is dead.  
still he howls,  
ties his horse to the doorman.

And he forsakes  
the elevator, rising  
up the stairs. Think of  
armour on the clean carpet.

now there is nothing  
but the door between you.  
gaze through the peephole  
who is that masked man?

What are you to do?  
open the door,  
let him in? but  
who is he?

Only some drunk  
the chorus sings.  
Don Quixote, the Lone Ranger  
But all of them are dead?

Surely you would let  
batman come in. Maybe  
even the joker.  
old friends, come to call.

But he knocks  
at the door, hoping  
not to have to break  
it down.

You open the door  
but too late. He  
has vanished, down the hall  
never to return, you cry.

--Rich Warms

### The Defection

I was down having a few beers at a local establishment recently when my drinking partner, one Leonard Snark by name, suddenly burst into tears and collapsed his face into his hands with a despairing groan. Naturally, I was a bit startled, and so I reached over and patted him on the shoulder.

"What is it, Lennie old boy?" I asked in a friendly you-can-tell-it-to-uncle-Dave sort of voice.

He looked at me with a face from which all hope had fled. "Dave," he said, and his voice filled me with pity, "I have the most awful secret. I--, I--..." and here he faltered.

"Go on," I said reassuringly, "you can tell me."

"Dave," he repeated, his voice sinking to a whisper, "I like Bates."

Horried, I leapt back from him, spilling my beer in the process. Ignoring this calamity, I gazed at him in disgust. "You what?!!!" I cried.

"Don't look at me like that, Dave!" he implored, "I know I'm wrong, but I can't help it!" Once again remorse overtook him, and he slumped down onto the table. Here our long and warm friendship overcame even the natural horror his abominable statement had produced and I sat down again, although as far away from him as I could get.

"What do you mean, you 'like Bates?'" I asked, peering at him.

He looked up, his ashen face tear-stained. "It just hit me, the other night. I'm having a good time here-- I'm enjoying my stay at Bates!" The words stung me like the lash of a whip. Here was Leonard, one of the finest Bates-haters I had ever known, with whom I had spent many a pleasantly unhappy evening compiling lists of Bates' faults, uttering words that I normally associated only with those scum of the earth: Batesies! Horrified, a thought struck me.

"Leonard," I said, my voice tinged with revulsion at the mere thought of what I was about to say, "you're not becoming a Batesie, are you?"

He looked at me, terrified. I noticed dark circles under his eyes-- he probably hadn't slept in a week. "I don't know," he croaked, "But just the other day I told somebody I was going back to my dorm, and I referred to it as 'home.'"

An anguished cry burst forth from my lips. "Lennie! How could you! What happened? Have you fallen in love with Ginny Curtis?!"

"No, nothing like that," he groaned quietly, shaking his head in self-dispair. "I think it's been building for some time. Somehow my Bates-baiting just hasn't been coming from the heart recently... I don't know what's wrong. I've even found myself thinking what a nice smile Dean Issacson has."

It was my turn to utter a hollow groan and sink my head into my hands. I hadn't realized until then how bad it was.

A strained silence passed between us; as we both saw how Bates had once again wormed its way into the soul of an unsuspecting victim. At last I looked up. Lennie was putting on his coat (a Bates jacket, I noticed with anguish)

"I, I guess I'd better be going," he said quietly.

"Does this mean we won't go drinking Saturday afternoon?" I asked.

He nodded. "I'll be--, I'll be--..." His voice caught. "I'll be out cheering at the football game." And, stifling a sob, he left the bar.

by David Brooks

Dear Free Lunch,  
Hope you can use these "poems"...There's more where these came from.  
(heh-heh). So with apologies to Rod McKuen, we proudly present our  
anthology.

Little Twit and The Kid.

PIG  
Grunting, snorting,  
fertilizer factory,  
soon to be bacon....  
pig.

-Little Twit

Gurgle  
I miss your face  
snookums of my dreams  
jelly-donut of my delight  
I wuv you this much  
(hyuck,hyuck)

-The Kid etc.



Confessions of one on 'Slop Duty' or  
"How to Master the Art of 'Dumping'"

H i!---You know me!---Or at least my face has become somewhat familiar if you've eaten in Commons lately. I'm one of the many hassled people that spend several hours a day working "slop duty" at a measly \$1.60 to \$1.95/hr.

Ofttimes I can be seen fighting off the hordes, while trying to replace an empty Salad Bowl amid ungrateful cries of "That took so damn long?!" or "Take your time why don'tcha!?" ---But that doesn't bug me... I've felt the same frustration watching my semi-warm soybeanburger slowly congeal because I refused to eat it without ketchup and the redcoat has promised "It'll be out in a minute."

What bugs me is how people can complain (BITCH) about the long lines to get in and out of Commons (ever tried to leave for a MW 8AM class at 10 of 8?) and yet don't have any "Commons" sense, if you will. People! If you want to avoid lines...you know when the best times are to go for meals...Don't crowd the gate at 4:45 if you don't have to! And if you have an 8AM class--when you finish your food--take the coffee cup off the tray and dump it well before the rush!

It helps, really!

And speaking of dumping trays...If one more person drops their silver in the trash, and vice versa, while simultaneously chucking tray and all to the wrong side of the window--I, personally, will shove them down the disposal! ~~How long do you have to be here before you know how to~~ perform the menial task of dumping trays? Come on! You get three tries a day seven days a week! It's quite simple--really! Our vast research department has come up with a foolproof system that will save the Commons workers' sanity and save you time spent in Commons.

1) If there are two windows open--don't everybody crowd up at Window I--use whichever is least busy.

2) If there is a Commons person at the window you have decided to use--throw your silver and trash to their respective graves and let him/her (it?) do the rest. Most Commons people have a "rhythm" to dumping trays and if you take ten minutes to show them "you can do it all by yourself" they may stab you with your own fork out of impatience.

3) If there is no one at all to help you--I know it may be tough--but you've got to face it alone....do a solo...**DUMP YOUR OWN GODDAMNED TRAY!!!** (Whew, that felt good!--Just throw the silver and trash to their places and then lift the glasses with one hand, dump the DISHES to the CORRECT side of the window (right for 1, left for 2), replace the glasses on the tray, and slide it to the opposite side of the window!

See what a sense of accomplishment you can get by mastering "the art of dumping."

I leave you to take that any way you like!

See you in Commons---

MBPope

P.S. I mean it about the disposal!

KEITH CARREINO

A Guiterist  
small and quiet,  
he lets his guitar speak for him  
Melding into his guitar  
the two become a greater one,  
and his soul comes out.  
His music makes pictures in the air,  
the pictures dance.  
He paints with his guitar;  
the paintings are alive.  
Now a horseman, galloping joyfully  
across the plain,  
now wind, now water,  
now stars spinning in the dome-sky  
The only man i've ever met who can  
paint with a guitar;  
a guitarist, small and quiet  
bringing my soul joy  
with his dancing guitar-paintings

-Jack Barnett

WHO IS FREE LUNCH?

richwarmsjackbarnettpeterdalychristopherkerr editors  
barbarabramankathystewartandmaidstephstohrmbpope other interested people  
thanks all, next issue about october thirty, keep those cards and  
letters coming.

EDITORIAL

I was overly enjoyed when i learned of my new posthumous position  
as political editor of Free Lunch, until i tasted it. I learned I  
was to ex ose the political viewpoint of said rag, which happens to  
express my viewpoint exactly, being that of ultra-radical opionless-  
ness. This stand is a tough one and at times i will tender an  
opinion on some earth shattering events. I am for earthquakes and  
ag inst California for instance. I do hope i will be able to give  
the Bates Student Body (BSB henceforth) the moral leadership that it  
so desperatly needs.

That's it for today except to call your attention to one of the best  
causes curre tly on campus, the Save the Puddle Monster Campaign.  
Please hâlp in any way possible (I suggest throwing only deposit  
bottles instead of throwaways in the puddle, to help finance the  
effort.

-TMS

Send all veiled threats, hate mail etc to TMS box 761